

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1908.

Our \$5 and \$10 trimmed hats.



They couldn't be bettered at the price! Every shape is a becoming one, and it will be more a question of being bewildered by so many pretty ones than anything else. Good taste is paramount in every hat. All the leading spring shades are included. We invite you to this collection of \$5.00 and \$10.00 Trimmed Hats feeling sure that a pleasing choice can be made.

THE \$5.00 TRIMMED HATS include turbans, mushrooms, large saleros and large picture shapes. Materials are fancy mohair braids and combinations of horse-hair braids with chiffons or satin braids. Trimmings of flowers, net bandings, laces, soft ribbons, and coque or fancy feathers. Flowers, too, form an important part in the trimming.

THE \$10.00 TRIMMED HATS comprise large saler shapes, high-crowned and narrow-brim hats, small turbans, English walking hats, hats with rolling brims, and Spanish turbans. These hats are literally loaded with flowers, two and three different kinds being used on one hat. Many of these hats are of rough fancy braid. The popular tailored hats with wings, cabochin pins, and soft pleated ribbons as trimmings are here, too.

60 PIECES OF NEW 50c

silk brocaded poplin

25c yard

First floor, bargain tables.

ANOTHER great bargain in silk warp wash fabrics. And another real "coop," as this is the very first time these goods have been sold at a cut price. All this season's styles. The fabric is in shades suitable for street or evening wear, including the very latest and most wanted colorings. The combination of silk with finest Egyptian yarn creates a fabric of marvelous strength and one so woven as to bring out all the beauty and luster of the silk.

Offered in practically all shades, of which light blue, pink, cream, saddle brown, golden brown, Copenhagen, lavender, and fast black are the most called for.

First Floor—Bargain Tables.

5 PATTERNS OF THAT FAMOUS

15c PARIS BATISTE,

Monday, 8⁷/₈ yd.

ON each piece at intervals of about 1½ yards, and about 3 inches from the selvage, you'll note a slight cut about ½ of an inch long. The defect resulted from a break in the weaving machinery and was not discovered until many pieces had been woven.

These goods were offered to us at a fraction of their worth. Before buying them we sent many waist patterns to a dressmaker and found that the imperfections really did not matter, as waists could be easily cut without including the defect in any part where it could be seen.

These have all white grounds with black dots, polka dots, dot, ring, and combination designs. Good for mannish waists or women's tailored shirts.

59c silk-warp pongee, 39c. yd.

Just a small quantity. A regular Oriental pongee effect. Offered in cream, old rose, garnet, navy, pongee, brown, reseda, pink, blue, natural, and black.

Wash Goods Dept.—First Floor.

BACHELOR GIRL CHAT

BREAKING INTO MATRIMONY.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

"I shan't introduce you to any more nice girls," remarked the Bachelor Girl, as she filled the Mere Man's teacup and held a lump of sugar above it.

"What have I done?" inquired the Mere Man, regarding the blue ribbons around her elbows with a satisfaction he tried to conceal by a hurt expression.

"It isn't what you have done," returned the Bachelor Girl, dropping the sugar into the cup with a little splash, "but what you were trying to do. You had hold of her hand and were almost—"

"I wasn't!" interposed the Mere Man, desperately.

"Well, it looked that way," declared the Bachelor Girl, with a shrug of her white shoulders. "And," she added, with a reproachful sigh, "I thought I could trust you."

"Why?" demanded the Mere Man, in an offended tone. "I'm not so old—"

"You're not married, Mr. Porter," replied the Bachelor Girl, irrelevantly.

"No," sighed the Mere Man, "but—"

"Nor even engaged," pursued the Bachelor Girl, "and since there is no reason why you should behave, or be good, or be faithful, one would suppose you might be—"

"Do you mean to say," demanded the Mere Man, sitting up suddenly and putting down his untasted tea, "that if I wasn't with a little thing, 'I only mean to say that it's usually forbidden fruit and the things he ought not to do that a man can't resist. The very fact that he has a perfect right to flirt with a woman seems to take all the edge off the game for him. It's almost as difficult to entice a single man into a flirtation nowadays as it is to keep a married man out of one. He doesn't seem to discover how attractive women in general are until he is tied to one woman in particular. The very girl he would dodge and fly from and scoff at before he is married, he will succumb to like a rose to the sun or an icicle to the fire afterward. St. Anthony single could be trusted to resist all the temptations of Beelzebub, but if he had been married he couldn't have been trusted twice around a steamer deck with a pretty woman on a moonlight night."

"Twice around a steamer deck," remarked the Mere Man, thoughtfully sipping his tea, "is pretty far—on a moonlight night."

"It's too far to trust a husband," agreed the Bachelor Girl, crossing her blue satin slippers on the brass fender and stirring her tea reflectively. "It's the long distance of faith."

"Would you mind telling me," began the Mere Man, humbly, "what is the average distance at which a married man can be—"

"About a quarter of an inch," interrupted the Bachelor Girl, succinctly, "if he's bored, or ill, or lonesome, or in need of sympathy, and around the world if he's not."

"But a married man always needs sympathy," protested the Mere Man, with a wave of his teaspoon.

"He always thinks he does," agreed the

like who wears of monotony and looks about looking for a change—and sympathy."

"And who always can find it," appended the Mere Man, nonchalantly blowing a smoke ring.

"Why do you say that?" The Bachelor Girl's blue satin heels dropped from the fender with a sharp little click.

"Because every woman is willing to sympathize with a man for being married to anybody but herself," returned the Mere Man. "A married man who wants to flirt with a girl has only to begin by telling her what a trying disposition his wife has; and how unbecomingly and sympathetic and—"

"Well, isn't that enough?" Wouldn't it give even a hyena a grievance to be robbed of his freedom and kept in a cage and made to sit up and beg for his meals and broken to harness—"

"And breaking a man into matrimony," rejoined the Bachelor Girl, with a wave of her hand, "is just like taming a wild animal straight from the jungle. He may appreciate a good home and three meals a day, and a comfortable corner by the fire, but he never gets over that restless feeling, that longing to roam and to prow around at night. You never can tell when the instinct will break out, and when you will wake up in the morning to find him gone—like the family cat. It's the very husband who has ambled along quietly in the beaten path through years and years of domesticity—"

"And learned to eat out of your hand," broke in the Mere Man. "And to come when you whistle and lie low when you frown and fetch and carry and stand on his hind legs—"

"Exactly," agreed the Bachelor Girl. "It's the man who never has thought of tasting the spice in life's pudding who suddenly turns against the matrimonial diet of bread and milk and bursts the bonds to run off with his stenographer or a chorus girl. It's the husband who is most easily broken to harness, who is most certain to break out of it sooner or later."

"And to shatter the dashboard and overturn the whole social scheme and leave the family in a muddled heap of surprise, when he does slip away," added the Mere Man, with a laugh, "while the chap who has gone the pace in his pre-matrimonial days and knows what wild oats taste like and has balked like a broncho at being bridled and saddled, will calm down, once he has been mastered, and trot along like old Dobbin for the rest of his days. I saw a sad sight like that yesterday," he finished, with a sigh.

"A—what, Mr. Porter?"

"Oh, a chap who was once the 'ladies' delight,' but now is growing bald and smokes a pipe and keeps his baby's picture on his desk," explained the Mere Man, regretfully. "And to think," he added, with a reminiscent sigh, "what an infinite variety that man's life once was!"

"That's precisely why he isn't likely to tire of monotony," rejoined the Bachelor Girl. "It's the man who never has rung the changes on love before marriage who is most apt to pine for a change afterward. It's the one who never has gone the pace who suddenly rebels at being put through his paces. It's the little Sunday school superintendent who never has been in a minute late to dinner, nor missed a morning service, and who kisses his wife by the clock and keeps his emotions under lock and key, who suddenly abandons with the cook or the pretty choir singer and the firm's money. It's the husband you think you can trust at long distance who gives you the shortest notice and goes the farthest; it's the man who never has known what variety is

S. KANN'S SONS & CO.

8th ST. & PA. AVE.
"THE BUSY CORNER"

\$1.25 herringbone suitings

45 in. wide 98c yd.

and other fashionable dress goods at bargain prices.

Hurry the Dress Goods along to the dressmaker or you'll not have your spring suit completed when you wish it! Buy the materials Monday. This Herringbone Suiting we are offering at 98c a yd. is a splendid value. Really ought to sell for \$1.25 a yd. All the new spring shades now—but we cannot say for how long! Nineteen other lots in Monday's sale.

A notable purchase

400 spring suits

worth up to \$40.00 and

100 silk dresses

worth up to \$35.00 a garment

at \$19.75 each.

You can positively, while this sale lasts, get the best suits ever offered in this city at \$19.75. They are mostly sample suits. Five of the country's best makers have supplied the suits, none of which sell regularly under \$25.00, and very few worth so little. All styles good this season to be found. The dresses likewise are samples, coming from several makers. Not one worth under \$25.00, and the majority worth nearer to \$35.00.

THE SUITS

These are even better values than the dresses. In herringbone serge, shadow stripe panamas, plain panamas, check panamas, and novelty suitings. Colorings green, blue, black, brown, and the novelties in light mixtures.

Some are made in pointed back and front styles, others the most popular "Butterfly" model, and material of these is the new "Panama" cloth.

Trimmings are of contrasting silk, some of harmonizing silk, others of fancy silk braid.

Skirts are flared, pleated, or the new tunic effect, introduced into long panels at the sides. Broad folds or bands of the same material trim many of the skirts.

THE HANDSOME DRESSES.

Princess and jumper styles, and demi-costumes. Some with sleeves of same material and yokes of lace, others without sleeves or yoke, made in the Japanese shoulder effects with shoulder formed of fine tucks, and still others with sleeves and yoke of lace or net in white or ecru.

The materials are the very latest—Rajahs, foulards, taffetas, novelty silks, &c. The colors are brown, and tan in a great variety of tones, blues of all kinds from the light Alice blue down to the dark navy; wine, and checks and stripes of pleasing combinations; also black, and black and white.

Trimmings are of narrow soutache braid formed into designs, silk-embroidered designs, bandings of fine net with applied designs of the same material as gown, &c.

Some have the long front panel effect, and many of the skirts are formed of long pleats with fold trimming around bottom.

Each dress shows the hand of an artist in the selection of material, trimmings, and color.

Plenty of tans in our Kolonial low shoes.

And this is a very important fact to remember, as the demand will be greater than ever this season, and tan leather is scarce—so scarce, in fact, that not long ago a large factory was obliged to lay by some of its force simply because it had run out of tan stock entirely. Hurry for your supply of Tan Kolonials while we have plenty. We are still selling them at our steadfast prices of, a pair,



\$3.00 and \$3.50

The New "Old Kolonial" Pump, with pointed tongue and buckle, is one of the latest and daintiest of the 1908 styles. Others are Two-eyelet Ties, Three-eyelet Ties, Bluchers, Button Oxford, and Regular Style Pumps.

In addition to the very popular tans of all shades, we have shiny leathers, kid leathers, and duff leathers, and there is no better shoe made at the price than KANN'S KOLONIALS.

EMBROIDERIES

At prices in lowness almost unbelievable at any season

Swiss shirt-waist frontings.

Two great lots of Swiss, of unusually good qualities. The collection includes Blind, Shadow, Filet, Conventional, and Openwork designs, in both neat and showy effects.

| | | |
|--------|--|---------------|
| LOT 1— | Values up to \$1.50 a yard. Sale price . . . | 69 cents yard |
| LOT 2— | Values up to \$2.98 a yard. Sale price . . . | 98 cents yard |

Fine Swiss bandings, 14,000 yds.

This lot comprises a maker's entire sample line of fine Swiss Bandings, in hundreds of different patterns, all this season's designs, and offered at an average of less than half price.

| | | |
|--------|---|----------------|
| LOT 3— | 2 inches to 8 inches wide. Values 15c a yard up to 40c a yard. Sale price . . . | 12½ cents yard |
| LOT 4— | 3 inches to 10 inches wide. Values 49c a yard to 69c a yard. Sale price . . . | 16 cents yard |

LACE JACKETS 65c.

WORTH \$1.00 TO \$2.50.

Just a small lot secured from an importer who wanted to dispose of these pieces before returning home.

The Bolero Jackets are of multicolored lace, linen with Venice lace medallion trimming; also a few of all-lace.

The lace yokes are in a number of very effective designs.

The Lace Guimpes have sleeves.

Not one piece in the lot ever sold for less than \$1.00, and from this price up to \$2.50. Now, Monday, 6c for choice.

First Floor—S. Kann, Sons & Co.

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES OF HER SEX.

Jones is a man whose stinginess. They say, is so intense. He will not even tell a tale. That's at his own expense.

Aids to Memory.

"My two daughters-in-law poke a great deal of fun at me because of what they call my memory system," said an elderly matron from Illinois, who is spending the winter here. "But everybody has to have some way of recalling things, and I think mine is just as good as theirs. Yesterday we were all trying to remember how long Fanny Campbell has been married. George's wife insisted that the marriage took place in 1889.

"I know it did," she said, "because of the gown I wore. It was made flat in the back. Bustles went out that fall, I know, so it must have been '89."

"I don't think Fanny was married till '90," Henry's wife said. "I know her wedding gown had puffed sleeves. Nobody wore puffed sleeves in '89."

"And then they argued and argued, and finally appealed to me. I knew exactly when it took place, because I left my little Lucy with my mother while I went to the wedding, and when I came back mother told me Lucy had stood alone. All of my children stood alone at ten months, and Lucy was born in February, 1890. Another day they argued about what month President McKinley was shot. George's wife said it was August, because it happened while she was at Atlantic City. Henry's wife insisted it was October, because she'd bought a fall hat that very day and was coming out of the milliner's when she heard the news. Of course, I knew it was early in September without thinking about it for a minute. It happened on the first day my boy Fred sat up after typhoid fever. Later when George's wife and Henry's wife ask me when a thing happened they always say, 'Was it a rainy then?' or 'Who was just going into trousers then?' I don't mind their laughing. I guess children are about the best things one can have as aids to memory. They're better, anyway, than sleeves and hats, and if George, Henry, and Henry's wife had babies of their own they wouldn't laugh at my memory system."

Association of Ideas.

Speaking of memory systems, Marion Craig, the reader, tells me that for ten years she has been haunted by a chain of—I think one may call it association of ideas, of which several links are missing.

"When I was in college," she says, "Miss Craig took her degree at the University of Minnesota—there was a boy in my class whose name was Gale. We happened to be very strong on psychology in that class, and one of the members made up a conundrum: 'Why is Gale kin to love?' The answer was the easiest thing possible to remember. It began, 'Because a gale is a wind, and a wind is a zephyr, and zephyr is yarn, and a yarn is a tale, and a tale is—'. That's where my chain breaks. I can't for the life of me remember what a tale is, nor how the lingo goes till it comes to something that is a pity,

and 'pity is akin to love.' The association of ideas was weak at grasping the association idea. To remember the first President who would naturally think of something that in your experience came first. This called up Monday, which, while not technically the first day of the week, is the first work day. It is also wash day, and when you've said to yourself, 'The first work day is washing day,' you have Washington on the tip of your tongue. After that, knowing the first President, you associate him with the idea of a man, and you say to yourself, 'Whose was the first wash day in history?' and involuntarily you reply, 'Adam's.' And after you've realized that Adam had wash days, you ask yourself what else he had. He had a son. I can't recall how the Jaffer got into the chain, but it came in quite naturally, and from that point on the memory teacher led me through the list so easily and gently that I scarcely noticed I was giving up \$2. It was a wonderful system, and all my life I shall remember the first two Presidents. As to the others, I can look them up from time to time when necessary. It is not the fault of the system that I've forgotten them. Perhaps I ought to have taken more lessons in it, but a thirst as I have always been for knowledge, Presidents at \$1 a head are rather high."

Another "Memory Peg" System.

I once paid a teacher of a memory system \$2 in order that I might have the names of the Presidents fixed in my mind. It took me only one lesson to learn them, because, as the teacher said, I was very quick at grasping the association idea. To remember the first President you would naturally think of something that in your experience came first. This called up Monday, which, while not technically the first day of the week, is the first work day. It is also wash day, and when you've said to yourself, 'The first work day is washing day,' you have Washington on the tip of your tongue. After that, knowing the first President, you associate him with the idea of a man, and you say to yourself, 'Whose was the first wash day in history?' and involuntarily you reply, 'Adam's.' And after you've realized that Adam had wash days, you ask yourself what else he had. He had a son. I can't recall how the Jaffer got into the chain, but it came in quite naturally, and from that point on the memory teacher led me through the list so easily and gently that I scarcely noticed I was giving up \$2. It was a wonderful system, and all my life I shall remember the first two Presidents. As to the others, I can look them up from time to time when necessary. It is not the fault of the system that I've forgotten them. Perhaps I ought to have taken more lessons in it, but a thirst as I have always been for knowledge, Presidents at \$1 a head are rather high."

Regular Woman's Logic.

While I was waiting for my fitting at my tailor's the other day, a very trim, clear-eyed young woman came hurrying in.

"Yes, I know yesterday was the day," she rattled to the attendant, "and I simply have to have that coat by to-morrow, because I'm going away. But I couldn't come yesterday. I just couldn't. I sat down on the edge of the library table to read a letter, not thinking what I was doing, and as soon as mother came in she called my attention to it, and I knew what I'd done. Of course, if you sit on a table people say you'll surely have a disappointment before night, and I knew right away it would be my coat, and I do so want it to be altogether snuffy; so I just didn't come, but I telephoned him not to put thirteen plects in the skirt. But I don't know—"

The closing door shut off the rest, but for all I know she's talking yet.

Unuttered Thoughts.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Windig—Say, I understand you told Knox that I was a liar.

Biffkins—You have been misinformed, old man. That is one of my thoughts I have never put into words.

HOW SHOULD A LAWYER PROPOSE TO A GIRL?

The following has been suggested as a good form for a lawyer proposing marriage:

To Ann Bright of Blank, in the county of Blank, Spinster, Daughter of Edward Bright of the same place, Gentleman, and of Mary, his wife.

Madam: Whereas I, the undersigned, John Smith, am a bachelor, of the age of twenty-eight years, and am and have been for three years and upward now last past in practice as an attorney and practitioner at law;

And, whereas, the net annual income and emoluments arising from the practice of my said profession amount to the sum of \$1,500 and upward, and in addition thereto, I am possessed of or otherwise entitled to real and personal property producing a further net annual income of \$1,000 or thereabouts, making together with the aforesaid professional income a total income of \$2,500 or thereabouts;

Ability to Maintain Wife.

And, whereas, having recited to the several facts hereinbefore recited, I, the said John Smith, am in a position to maintain and keep a wife, and I am desirous to enter the holy state of matrimony;

And, whereas, on divers occasions and in divers places I have observed the manner, behavior, and demeanor of you, the said Ann Bright, and I have further made or caused to be made sundry inquiries and investigations concerning the character, disposition, habits,

propensities, tastes, likes and dislikes of you, the said Ann Bright, and have thereby and by other sufficient means duly satisfied myself that you, the said Ann Bright, are in all respects a fit and proper person to become the wife of me, the said John Smith;

Determined Upon Marriage.

And, whereas, after due and mature deliberation I have determined to make unto you the offer hereinafter expressed: Now, in pursuance of such determination and for divers good causes me hereunto moving, I, the said John Smith, do hereby irrevocably (but subject, nevertheless, to the stipulation contained in the final clause hereof) offer and tender unto you, the said Ann Bright, all that and those my heart, hand, body, soul, mind, understanding, and affections, to be held by you to the use of you, the said Ann Bright, for and during the term of your natural life in case you shall predecease me, or for and during our joint life in case I shall predecease you;

Seven Days Given Her.

And I hereby promise and declare that in the event of you, the said Ann Bright, intimating to me in writing or otherwise within the space of seven days next after the date upon which this letter shall be served upon you or left for you at your last known place of abode, your acceptance of the offer hereby made as aforesaid, I will within a reasonable period thereafter intermarry with you, the said Ann Bright, at such church or in such other building as you may select for that

purpose, and will at all times thereafter during our joint lives at my own expense in all things maintain and keep you, the said Ann Bright, as my lawful wife.

Provided, always, and the offer hereby made as aforesaid is upon the express condition, that if you, the said Ann Bright, shall not within the space of seven days after the service or delivery of this letter as aforesaid intimate by writing or otherwise your acceptance of the said offer, the same offer shall thereupon be absolutely null and void, anything herein contained to the contrary notwithstanding.

In witness, whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, designated myself as Your humble servant,

JOHN SMITH.

Facing the Enemy.

From the New York Herald.

Two veterans of the civil war were in the habit of "jollyng" each other in regard to a lack of valor on the field of battle.

"Why," said the one, "at the very first engagement, when the order was given to retreat, you were so scared that you threw down your arms and ran for dear life."

"Nonsense," replied the other. "That was the time I got the three flesh wounds in the chest. If I'd been running away, as you claim, I would have been shot in the back."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," returned his friend. "The reason you got shot in the chest was because you took to the river and were trying to get away in a row boat."